ARMS and the MAN.

A New

BALLAD.

GOD prosper the King and the King's noble Sons,
May their Praises resound from the Mouth of Fame,
Till Rebellion and all civil discord may cease (their guns
And these Realms be restor'd to a flourishing Peace,

How this War first began, and the Progress it made
Has never been Sung, tho' 't has often been Said,
Yet great Deeds to record, to great Poets belongs,
As Homer and Virgil set forth in their Songs,

The Scots, as the Swiss who make Fighting a Trade,
Betraying for ever, for ever betray'd;
Like the Frogs, sick of Log, chose a K-- of their own,
'Twill ne'er out of the Flesh, what is bred in the bone,

From Rome a young Hero well known they invite,
To accept of a Crown which he claims as his Right,
In City and Town they their Monarch proclaim,
And their old K-- & new K-- are one and the same,

When these Tidings reach'd England, three Chieftains
Rebellion to rout, and its Progress oppose, (they chose
But first second & third, were all struck with Dismay,
Thrice happy the Man, who cou'd first run away,

Now great Preparations proclaim their great Fears.
The Militia, the Douth, the Troops rais'd by the dears
They associate, Subscribe, fast, vote and address,
For your true loyal Subjects can do nothing less,

Horse, Foot, and Dragoons from lost Flanders they call,
With Hessians and Danes, and the Devil and all;
Your Hunters and Rangers, led by O---pe,
And the Church at the Arse of the B---p of Y--k.

And pray, who so fit to lead forth this Parade,
As the Babe of Tangier, my old Grandmother W-de;
Whose Cunning so quick, and whose Motion so slow
That the Rebels march'd on while he stuck in the snow

Poor London, alas! is scar'd out of its Wits,
With Arms and Alarms, as sad Soldiers as Cits,
Sure of dying by *Inches*, whatever Cause thrives,
Since in parting with Money, they part with their lives

But the Genius of Britain appears in the D--,
Their Courage to raise, and their Fears to rebuke,
He march'd Day and Night till he got to the Rear,
And then sent us Word, he had nothing to fear.

All Night under Arms, the brave D--- kept his grou--
But the Devil a Rebel was there to be found;
The Foot got on Horseback, the News gives account,
But that wou'd not do, so the Horsemen dismount,

Here a fierce Fight ensu'd by a sort of Owl-Light,
Where none got the Day, because it was Night,
And so Dark, that we ne'er to the Truth on't shall get,
Unless 'tis clear'd up by another GAZETTE.

LONDON: Printed for W. Baker, in the Strand.